

Midnight by pookiestheone

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Summary:

A little something for New Year's Eve :)

Midnight

Author's Note:

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Shortly before midnight Steve grabbed his coat and slipped out a side door into the breezeway, leaving the others to welcome in New Year's. He still didn't know why he had let Nance convince him to come to this thing; maybe he just didn't want to spend New Year's alone. Although since he seemed to be the only one there without a date he was basically still alone.

What a pathetic fuck. He stuck his hands into his pockets and moved to the back of the garage out of the wind, although it wasn't all that cold. *I should have brought a beer. Or a smoke at least.* He tilted his head back against the wall and watched his breath curl into the cloudless sky.

"Well, well, King Steve. What are you doing out here?"

Jesus! Hargrove.

"Trying to get away from people like you."

"So I guess you don't want this beer?" Billy reached out one of the cans he held. "Go on, take it. I didn't piss in it or anything."

Steve took the beer and looked between it and Billy. *This is weird.* They weren't exactly enemies now, but they definitely weren't friends; they just ignored each other since the night at the Byers'. No apology from Billy, but no more antagonism and hassling either. He took a long drink.

"Where's your date. You have one I'm sure."

"Somewhere inside. She never shuts the fuck up." He lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. "Not my best choice, I guess." He held out the package. "Want one?"

Steve hesitated, but the offer seemed genuine, just like the beer.

“Yeah.” He took one and Billy flicked his lighter and held it out.
“Thanks.”

“You’re alone, right?” Billy asked, but by his tone Steve guessed that he already knew the answer.”

“Uh huh.”

“How come. I already told you there are more bitches in the sea.”

Steve just shrugged, choosing not to answer. From the house he heard the countdown start.

Ten

“Better get inside. You got less than ten seconds to find her for your New Year’s kiss.”

Four

“Yeah. I know.”

Two

Billy tossed his beer and cigarette into the darkness, grabbed Steve by the shoulders and kissed him to the sound of shouting and bells and fireworks in the distance.

“Happy New Year, pretty boy.”